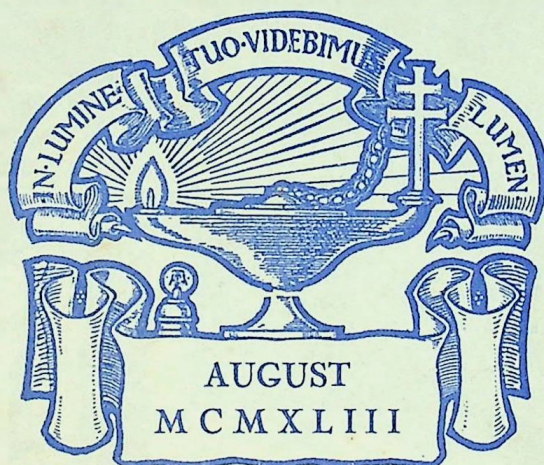


TOC H JOURNAL



PRINCIPAL CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
AN APOLOGY FROM TOWER HILL, <i>by Tubby</i>	115
SEVENTY YEARS OF SONG	117
BRITAIN AND U.S.A., <i>by Shaun Herron</i>	119
THE MAKING OF THE DUTCH MIND, <i>by Gerrit Bolkestein</i>	123
YORKSHIRE'S WAR SERVICES TARGET	125
'IN PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES'	126

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AN APOLOGY FROM TOWER HILL

AT 6.15 to-night I squared my elbows and settled down, determined to put in an hour at letters before supper-time; but at 6.20 the house telephone informed me that Tom — had unexpectedly arrived. Since there are still some isolationists who have denied themselves Tom —'s friendship, permit me, with a few strokes of the pen, to indicate the nature of the man.

Tom — lives at Harrow. He is married and has three children. The youngest was born at Harrow on 29th December, 1940; it was the tide of Holy Innocents. I don't suppose the *Luftwaffe* possesses a Saints' Day Calendar of the Church of England, but this was the night chosen for the burning of All Hallows-by-the-Tower. Tom —'s youngest came at the same time; he will, I trust, be chosen by Toc H as Sidesman or Churchwarden of All Hallows, when the Guild Church has been at last rebuilt. His father proved himself the pioneer of all Toc H developments around Harrow. Twenty-five years ago in Flanders fields he entered into Talbot House in Poperinghe; and from that visit, once he was convinced, has exercised a lay apostleship of a rare order. He has lived to see the movement grow in Harrow and its neighbourhood into a work which would confound a cynic.

In 1920 he was alone. There was no member nearer than New Barnet, where Nicklin stood in equal isolation, and beyond him Frank Johnson at Muswell Hill. These three were the Foundation members, who between them were the sole pivots of Toc H rebirth throughout North London. When Nicklin died in 1938, his funeral was attended by five hundred persons from the three Barnets, where his work had lain. He was by trade a piano-tuner. He lived in a small house on his small earnings, and did a long day's work all the year round. But—after hours—he flung his energies into Toc H, and (as Toc H increased) into a thousand acts of loving kindness, until the neighbourhood looked up to him and leant on his example and his advice.

Tom is a similar creation. I well remember how ten years ago I was confronted in a city office by a director who despised Toc H. In cases of this kind, an invitation to supper is the obvious gambit. I asked him whether he would nominate an area of London to discuss, and thus test out Toc H on local knowledge. He mentioned Harrow. I rang up old Tom. We three sat down to supper that same evening. Then the director said that in South Harrow he had an uncle who was difficult. The uncle, it appeared, had three afflictions, being both blind and deaf, and also mute. Tom pricked up his ears at this statement. I, feeling hopeless, asked him what suggestion he could prescribe for the thrice-afflicted uncle. At this Tom smiled and said to the director: "There are almost fifty cases in Harrow of deaf and dumb, but only two I know who are deaf and dumb and blind. Which one is your uncle? Is it old Mr. Stevenson, or Mr. Briggs?"

The director replied in tones of resignation, "Briggs is the name." But I could see by now that he was in a state of wonderment. Here was someone who knew the neighbourhood with such precision that he could produce without the slightest effort names and problems, hidden away and normally unknown, unless to doctors or to parish clergy. But Tom made

light of having at command such elementary items. As Toc H Jobmaster, he was in honour bound to tabulate these facts, in order to arrange for a small squad to be trained for their friendship with the deaf and dumb.

"As for old Briggs," Tom said, "you needn't bother. We found him rather surly at the start, but now we have got a plan for his improvement. Old Mr. Stevenson has joined Toc H, and his job on our job sheet is now settled. He is going twice a week to do his bit by tapping out items of conversation on your uncle's knee. The knee is best for tapping out the news. I think old Briggs will soon want to respond. His temper has grown frayed in isolation. Leave him to us; we will do our level best." All this is a mere thumb-nail sketch of Tom.

To-night, Tom came because I had discovered what his humility had long concealed, that (in addition to Toc H affairs) he is an expert ornithologist. He is a member of the Council of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, and has produced a series of small brochures, based upon highly trained observation of flight and habitat. One book had come into my hand last week, which bore his name. At first I did not dream that the same Tom could be the author of the treatise. To-night he came to tell me the whole truth, that this had been a lifelong hobby with him; so we agreed to put it to his Council that his small book should be re-issued shortly, with special reference to the R.A.F., among whom there are naturally thousands of eager ornithologists. This having been arranged, Tom next produced his latest correspondence, up to date, with several Toc H Belra Volunteers in charge of leper colonies in West Africa. He has backed this work from 1932, when I first asked Toc H whether they could discover and equip such volunteers. To my amazement over fifty candidates came in; and, though a number had to be rejected on grounds of imperfections in their health, during the last ten years Toc H has given not only £20,000 to leprosy, but the majority of younger workers. Harrow has raised over £1,000, almost entirely in small contributions; nor do they now forget the leper field. Yes, in the midst of war they carry on.

I therefore signed my name with a blunt pencil upon a table cloth which is intended to go to Itu, Dr. Macdonald's colony in S. Nigeria. Then we looked over some new photographs, and Tom identified the various patients, knowing them by their names, and pointing out how their physiognomy was improving under treatment.

Then I suggested supper. We went down in '42' to the Ground Floor; and as we sat down to our Woolton viands, we found at the next table two old friends, one who had been in London on short leave and was returning to his ship to-morrow. He had not been in London since the war. His memories of All Hallows date back to 1924, when the first Lunch Club began in No. 7 Tower Hill. Then he was but a boy in a city office. To-day he is, like many other sailors, rapidly ageing, with far-seeing eyes, betokening many nights of seafaring.

We four walked out to get a breath of air, and sauntered in the Trinity Square gardens, now mercifully open to Tower Hill, and with dogs and children pleasantly at play. Here we were told by Cmdr. S—— some of his thoughts. He had come through, one of the few survivors of the devoted craft which broke the boom at Oran in November, 1942. After that terrible experience, a fortnight's leave was given; then in ten days he was at sea again in a new ship. There was a noble sadness in his face, accompanied by a manly resolution in his bearing, which augured well for any ship in which he served.

Toc H in Greenock was a home to him; and here he noted one small indication of true home spirit which is worth recording; slices of bread and margarine are not there sold as separate items to the guest: "you help yourself and pay what you prefer." This was the only Toc H Services Club which he had seen on this side of the world. St. John, Newfoundland, had been good to him; but Greenock held his heart, and his ideal was first and last and always Arthur Lang, the unpretentious voluntary warden of Toc H, Greenock. He pointed

out, as a much-travelled man, that what the sailor really longs to find is not an institute (which is too large) and not a shop developed as a club. The sailor's ambition is to find a home where he is recognised and understood, and can rely on a friendly atmosphere.

He told us shyly that his religious life had been deepened, since all that he had seen and undergone demanded "faith in an alternative." Oran had left a very deep impression; and, on his two weeks' leave as a survivor, he had felt bound to call on many homes of missing shipmates. This melancholy duty had strained him badly, but he had done it for his shipmates' sake. Out of his party of a dozen men, he and another only had survived.

So four old friends shook hands out in the street in front of '42'; and I came in to spend the evening with my correspondence. Now you can understand why I have kept your valued airgraph waiting a reply.

TUBBY.

Quis Separabit ?

Why doth He bear our grief and share our sorrow?

Why doth He promise joy to those that mourn?

Why doth He pledge the triumph of to-morrow

To the oppressed, the outcast, the forlorn?

It is because the breath of benediction,

Which overwhelms our frailties and fears,

Is breaking down our sense of dereliction,

Our darkness and our tumults and our tears.

Whence cometh healing for a world heart-broken?

Not from the sword, the sermon, or the pen.

Why are His promises securely spoken?

Why doth His every word bring life to men?

If ye would learn the heart of the Redeemer,

Trust and be true to His indwelling light.

Let workers hope; for dawn will crown that dreamer

Who, step by step, establisheth the right.

At Yatesbury: July, 1943.

P. B. C.

SEVENTY YEARS OF SONG

THE monstrous oval of the Royal Albert Hall in Kensington holds many memories to thousands of Toc H members. Now it holds one more. At the Birthday Festival in 1925 we assailed it, not without misgiving, for the first time; we captured its vast space from the first moment of entry and transformed it into the 'family circle,' and we have never been shy of it since. On June 16 last the Albert Hall was filled to capacity again in the name of Toc H. Not a single seat was to be had for some days beforehand, and indeed we could have filled it a second night. But that was not to be, for the cast on the platform had been collected for a unique occasion;

They could not be, perhaps never can be, collected again. No one but Mr. Charles Cochran, the greatest of living showmen, could have put on the show. Invited to help the Toc H War Services Fund, he did it royally by devising and producing 'Seventy Years of Song.'

Listeners all over the country and beyond heard the broadcast of the first hour of the programme. It sounded good, but you had to be in the Hall to catch the real thrill. No one enjoyed it more than the Victorians (and there were many). In that hour they came into their own. Bald-headed men and white-haired women felt a catch in the throat when

the 'curtain went up' on a stage crowded with the bustled ladies and top-hatted gentlemen, the guardsmen in pill-box caps and the costers in 'pearlies,' the one-man band playing recklessly against the bowler-hatted cornet-player out of tune. Distinguished personages in the boxes forgot themselves and only remembered Marie Lloyd and the Naughty 'Nineties; they joined with gusto in "Two lovely black eyes" or "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road."

But it is no use trying to summarise a couple of hundred songs, following hard on each others heels, or the celebrities of seventy years—many of the later ones present in person on the stage—who had sung them. Geraldo and his band kept the ball rolling, Leslie Mitchell, from a table at the corner of the stage, kept up his commentary on the varying mood of a big slice of modern history in popular music—the loud humour and unabashed sentiment of the Victorians, the jingoism of the Boer War, the vivid onslaught of early jazz, the stout marching songs of 1914, declining into the despairing croonery of the post-war period. It was a tremendous, changing canvas, and every spectator preferred one colour or another according to the date of his or her birth.

Out of this great feast it is a risk to pick out a few items. But many will recall, for instance, the supreme artistry of Evelyn Laye; or of 'Hutch,' seated sideways at the piano to sing "What is this thing called love?"; or Ivor Novello playing his own "Keep the home fires burning"; or the B.B.C. choir singing "The Lost Chord." The 'high spot' of the evening was surely George Robey—red wig, little bowler, eyebrows and all—with his old partner, Violet Lorraine, singing "If you were the only girl in the world": no one in the audience, ancient or modern, could resist

the emotion of those brief minutes.

And it is scarcely fair to pick out a few of the people who were there, whether Toc H members or its friends, old and new. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were to be seen still enjoying it nearly two hours after they had arranged to leave. Prince Bernard of the Netherlands sat with Tubby. M. Jan Masaryk, Vice-President of Czechoslovakia, the Prime Minister of Belgium, the representatives of General de Gaulle, the Ambassadors of Poland, Belgium, Norway, Holland, Yugoslavia, Greece, Brazil, the Argentine, Ethiopia were there. Among the sailors were Sir Dudley Pound and Lord Louis Mountbatten, with Lady Louis, a great helper of Toc H; among the soldiers Sir Archibald Wavell (as he still was); Sir Trafford Leigh-Mallory officially represented the R.A.F. Other well-known names were legion. But it was the whole family party which counted, made one for an evening in the service of Toc H.

To the flood of ideas in such an evening Mr. Cochran added one more. He produced 'on the night' a little book, *Seventy Years of Song*, to be sold (and it sold like hot cakes) for our War Services Fund. These eighty pages are no mere programme of the show, but a permanent record of the plain man's national music in music halls, pubs, parties, the street, on the march, in the home and all other popular "places where they sing." The veteran Max Beerbohm wrote the whimsical preface, and the authors of its chapters include such household names as Noel Coward, James Agate, Col. Walter Elliott and Charles Cochran himself. The little book is published by Hutchinson & Co. and costs 1s. 6d. If you did not snap a copy at a bookstall at the time, try quickly through a bookseller. For already it is scarce and it is well worth having.

Toc H Posters

The notice about Posters in last month's JOURNAL has brought many enquiries. We wish to stress that these Posters are for use in connection with our War Services appeals or for our Clubs registered under the War Charities Act *only*, not for Branch Rooms, etc. Paper shortage demands great care and economy in their use; Police regulations control the distance between them when displayed. All enquiries should be directed to the Bursar's Dept. at H.Q.

BRITAIN AND U.S.A.

1. Anglo-American Relationships

This article on Anglo-American relationships is contributed by SHAUN HERRON (Yorkshire Regional Padre) who knows the United States at first hand. It will be followed by a second part, making some practical suggestions, by HERBERT LEGGATE (Administrative Padre).

VIEWS on Anglo-American relationships are fairly consistent everywhere throughout the country. Most people, obviously, want them to be good. The British Premier and the Foreign Secretary in their recent statements on the need for good relations—and *sound* relations—between our two peoples were voicing the thoughts and feelings of the mass of British men and women. Why, then, should more be said?

Mr. Churchill, even in the eyes of his most pronounced critics, has, during the course of this war at least, shown clearly that he prefers the substance to the shadow and makes great effort to avoid confusing the two. He has given us more than one demonstration of the fact that he knows when the mass of the people feel deeply about an issue and when they are in the grip of a passing emotion. Both he and the Foreign Secretary seem to think it necessary to urge upon the people the tremendous importance of establishing a broadly based relationship with the United States which is not dependent for its continuance on any war-time emotion or on any passing sentiment which might have its origin in a misconception of the 'likeness' of the Anglo-Saxon and American people.

It is clear to most of us who have some opportunity to assess the measure of really informed goodwill between the British and American peoples that it is not more than it should be. The sentiment is widespread on both sides of the Atlantic—its foundations could be and ought to be considerably more secure. Politicians, amateur and professional, informed and ill-informed, do and will provide you with explanations, simple and sinister, of the conduct not only of the American people and their Congress at home but of their representatives in every part of the world. And in this article I must leave it to them to do so; my purpose is much more limited but

perhaps more important, for it might well be a maxim for international commentators here and in America that criticism is a democratic privilege and informed criticism a democratic virtue. Information and restraint usually go together.

I take it, then, that very few people will dispute the assumption that, if world community is to be a realisable idea, the English-speaking world will necessarily be a united and significant element in the international nucleus around which the world community can be built. A glance at the importance of British and American territories makes it difficult to believe that anyone could envisage a world community in which they did not play a sympathetic and closely related part. What are these Americans like?

Two Points of View

Padre Leggate and I sat in the London Centre recently conferring with a group of American Christians. They were rather like ourselves in quite a number of ways. They spoke (almost) the same language, so it was easy to communicate our ideas to one another. They had inherited, and for a couple of centuries now shared with us, some of the noblest traditions of the English people. They shared with us, too, the memory of certain not insignificant events in the history of our two countries. Our memories of those events differed more than most people realise. Our history books, for instance, do not deal in an exactly similar way with the American War of Independence. What to us and our school historians is an 'incident,' in the midst of a period of war-like pre-occupation in many places, is to the American the Birth of a Nation. We can afford to forget, having been amply compensated for the loss of a valuable colony; the American has a different mental orientation and recalls that the people who

now have largely forgotten the War of Independence are the people against whom they had to fight it. Paul Revere's letters to his wife speak of our British forebears in terms that we to-day apply to our enemies and, it would seem, for the same reasons. It is not unimportant to remember that, for while the greatest of America's statesmen to-day have, like intelligent British people, got this far-off matter into perspective, there are very large sections of the American people who (like people in every other country) have long, if imperfectly adjusted, memories. And a nation's beginnings and the circumstances surrounding those beginnings can never be unimportant to its people.

This must not be exaggerated and it would be foolish to imagine that Americans dwell on it unduly. But one's reading of history is conditioned by the place one occupied at any given point in history—and Americans in those far away (and yet comparatively recent) days stood against us in the name of Liberty. There are, too, Congregationalists, Baptists, Friends, Catholics and others whose Church history as Americans began in an 'escape to happiness' from these shores. For them, too, in their memories of the founding of their Churches in their own country there is an association between England and un-freedom. They escaped to build anew in freedom; we, all of us, remained to 'readjust' and reform. And in these things we find the key to the basic character of both the British and American peoples. America has been stocked by people who fought tyranny in every civilised country and who were of the breed to believe that, if they could once escape from it, they could build a *new* world where no tyrant could live. They went to America from England, from Ireland and Scotland, from every European country because they were impatient under poverty and oppression and of a passionate spirit unable to endure under it. Their spirit and institutions to-day reflect their origins. And we in Europe, older, slower, more willing to endure, to correct patiently, to caution many times before we act—we are those people who in every Church and every political or religious group remained to adjust and reform. Our national characters

and our spirits have inevitably taken their different shapes from our different reaction to the same environment. And the same story is told, with modifications, if we look at the younger partners in the Commonwealth.

The Land of their Fathers

Here, of course, is the foundation on which we should build our understanding of one another, for out of this single and major factor spring most of our difficulties. Coupled with it, there are two others, one of which is responsible for a fair proportion of American resentments against British assumptions. The misleading fact that America is an English-speaking country leads too many of us to assume that it is therefore an English country. The names of many of the young men who are dropping bombs on Germany or fighting in the Mediterranean area will do something to correct this false and lingering impression. There are Germans returning to Europe to subdue Germans, Italians returning to the Mediterranean to reprimand Italians, Poles returning to free Poland and Frenchmen to help France rise again. To them the "Old Country" is not any part of the British Isles. Their memories of the land of their fathers have nothing to do with cabins in an unproductive bog, pipers in the Highlands or pastoral scenes and ancient cathedrals. They may have romantic visions of hardy Prussia or vineyards in the Rhineland or in Southern Italy; Mount Olympus or Bucharest, Russia or Finland. And more than likely they record a not unnatural feeling about it all—four or five of these enemy nations flying in one Fortress over Germany and being profoundly grateful that their fathers or grandfathers made them Americans. "We did it—and why can't these Europeans?" is a natural thought for the crew of an 'international' Fortress. Americans are justifiably proud of the achievement of a world-born community and they may be forgiven for asking why we cannot do the same.

The Conquest of a Continent

The factor which contributes a great deal to the strength of an American's criticism of our European 'quarrelsomeness' is the size of

his country and its distance from either the old Western world or the Far East. This enormous continent had to be conquered and it was conquered by a variety of peoples working toward a common end and free from the environment in which their national prejudices could be fostered and perpetuated. They were in a remarkable measure welded together—but in a free atmosphere. The conquest of a continent was a sufficient preoccupation for a young nation. It helped the many races combining to achieve this objective to forget their old life—a thing they were all too anxious to do. “Free from entangling alliances,” they set about building their new world, and their origins, the enormous task that confronted them, and the good advice of their first great statesmen contributed to a growing isolationism. It was a necessary isolationism without which the task could hardly have been so thoroughly accomplished. It was a very necessary stage in the life of a still young nation. During that stage roads were built, forests cleared and agriculture developed. Americans applied their energy to the work of building up industries and supplying all the physical needs of a people living in a country both stricken and blessed by extremes of heat and cold. Government and education in such a territory had to be tackled and democratic institutions arise, out of the soil in which they had been planted. We should have been more than surprised if the energies and thoughts of such a people had been directed anywhere but to their own tremendous tasks.

It is a background that must not be forgotten when we think of some of the difficulties American statesmen have to face. There is a magnificent passage in Audubon's *America*. It reads:

“To an American a faded flag from Saratoga is not just a relic of history and neither is a wagon wheel from the Oregon Trail, nor a fowling piece carried over the Wilderness Trail where Lucy Hanks carried her baby. When you say to an American, Appomattox or Yorktown; Fredericksburg or Marblehead, Fallen Timbers, Mountain Meadows, New Salem—more than pride wells up in him. Something within him hurts, as only the adventure of living can. *For he does not call these thoughts and deeds history. He says ‘We lived this.’ Not ‘They lived that.’*”

A young country with a young, fierce energy: “*We lived this.*” Remember that Alexander Hamilton was eighteen years old when he first became active in leadership in the American colonies; Monroe was seventeen; John Marshall was twenty; James Madison was twenty-four. When Patrick Henry and John Hancock were twenty-nine years old they signed the Declaration of Independence; George Washington was twenty-one when he finished his mission to the French. Men in their ‘teens or scarce out of them laid the foundations on which men like them of every race built the great nation which now in the statesmanship of her leaders in this world crisis emerges finally as a mature world power.

An Intense Idealism

Thoughtful people will easily recognise the dangers of the situation. A young nation emerging thus from a youth preoccupied with the great ideal of building her state and her way of life brings to world affairs an intense idealism. Those who know well the story of the Peace Conference at which Woodrow Wilson presented his Fourteen Points also know the causes of the failure of that unstatesmanlike idealist. America, having looked outward from herself in a world war, recoiled from “entangling alliances,” while Wilson, who represented American idealism but not the American people in their recoil from a new and dangerous adventure in which they had little if any experience, bored ahead against all wisdom and advice and was repudiated by his people. The world censured America. The censoriousness might have been tempered by understanding had her critics, intent as they were on building a world community, considered also the elements that must be present before a safe foundation can be laid for the framework of such a community, and the degree to which each of its members is historically equipped to contribute to its growth. It is true to say that Americans, having few ‘career diplomats,’ as they describe them, and having given little thought to their necessity, are deeply suspicious of the older nations who are, after many generations of diplomatic experience, “too smooth for our

amateurs." The simple idealism which applies to world affairs the Woodrow Wilson approach has since then been tempered by the realism of Cordell Hull, Henry Wallace, Mr. Winant and the President, and Americans in consequence look out on the world with greatly increased confidence in their ability to 'hold their own' in diplomatic exchanges. But the idealism is still there to a powerful degree and it is the element so much needed in the building of world community. The danger in this stronger emergence of America as a co-operative world partner is that we, in our ignorance of her and she in her ignorance of us and of our intentions, may produce another and a disastrous reaction.

People to People

Mr. Churchill has urged Britain and America to walk together in the days of peace. But while the people of Britain and America do not know one another that walking together will be, to the world's cost, far more imperfect than it need be and may not even be possible. Statesmen can, in the last analysis, only implement their vision when it is shared by the people. The Smiths and the Jones, the Kellys and Cohens (not forgetting the Stravinskis and the Schmidts) will ultimately determine the degree in which Britain and America walk together. While there are in America the Porter Sargents, who dismiss German propaganda as too stupid to be considered and British propaganda as too subtle to be ignored, there must be also informed people who know one another on both sides of the Atlantic and who have a disinterested purpose in combating irresponsible utterance, whether British or American. We in Toc H have for long practised the technique of combining intimacy with difference. We have perhaps, with our Christian brethren everywhere, an initial advantage in facing any problem where differences are normally expected to create difficulties. Barkis has set the human level for our thought when he says "to conquer hate would be to end the strife

of all the ages; but for men to know one another is not difficult *and it is half the battle.*" It is a battle that confronts us *immediately* and it is for us to begin.

I have before me as I write a copy of an American religious weekly. An advertisement published by the Save the Children Federation says "Little Margaret Whittaker of London is speaking to you." The people who maintained this Federation contributed materially to the well-being of 12,000 British children and corresponded with those of the children who were capable of writing—human links in a chain of goodwill that will pay rich human dividends in the future. This journal carries three appeals for British children and an article about our children. Half the battle? The young people of the Congregational Churches are preparing to raise a herd of breeding cattle which may be sent here after the war to help replenish depleted farms. The Church of the Brethren (Dunkers), one of the many Churches unknown in Britain but with deep historic roots in the building of America out of Europe, are setting aside heifer calves to be raised and sent to Europe as soon as war is over. Trifling things? To members of this Family of Toc H they can scarcely be that. We know too much about the translation of corporate goodwill into positive action applied to an immediate need. I mention them at the close of this article because they are things we can understand. They provide a focal point for a sentiment we feel on the only level at which, I am convinced, the broadly based and firm relationship we desire can be achieved. These things are not matters about which statesmen can concern themselves. They are the things on which statesmen build, and they are the actions and thoughts of *people*. "People to people" is the only foundation on which Anglo-American relations can be securely built. Have we any suggestion to offer to the Family on how we can begin to assume our responsibility for "the elimination of the ignorance and prejudice that separates men"? SHAUN HERRON.

NOTE: Among much that has been published recently in England about America two excellent books are *America: The Story of a Free People*, by A. Nevins and H. S. Commager (Oxford University Press, 7s. 6d.), and *Who are the Americans?*, by William Dwight Whitney (Guild Books, 9d.).—ED.

THE MAKING OF THE DUTCH MIND

We follow the articles in this series on France, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Poland, Greece and Belgium, specially written for us by distinguished nationals of those countries, with one on Holland by His Excellency GERRIT BOLKESTEIN, Minister for Education, Arts and Science in the Royal Netherlands Government. He was Head of the Amsterdam High School, 1912-17; Inspector of Secondary and High School Education, 1917-37, and took up his present appointment in 1939. He is a member of the Liberal Democratic Party, and the author of several books on pædagogics and the history of education.

IN these days, when the stubborn resistance of the Dutch against their oppressors draws the attention and gains the admiration of the world, it is an intense joy to write about the different characteristics of the Dutch people, which make that struggle possible. Now the Dutch character finds one of its best expressions in education and the educational system of the Netherlands; the history of their education in the last hundred years is most typical of their cultural and religious essence. Therefore it is of general value to dwell upon it. The proud feeling of what the Dutch have achieved regarding education is part of that silent pride, which Dutchmen often show—though not always accepted with benevolence by other people—when they appear among the representatives of other nations, the pride of being worthy of their existence, and of having achieved something in the world. Every Dutchman will tell you that he esteems Dutch education as one of the best in the world.

The majority of the Dutch are spiritual descendants of Erasmus—even the German oppressors now in the Netherlands recognise the truth of it, and they experience it!—and they share, in different degrees the intellectualism of that great humanist. Therefore we find, in all times, among the best representatives of the different classes of the Dutch people, a lively interest in all that matters in education and in the means to see it shaped according to one's own ideals and wishes. If this had not been the case, I doubt whether it would have been possible—as happened in the Netherlands—that the greater part of political life and strife was dominated for about eighty years (1840-1920) by the great questions of education. And what was the main object in that struggle? To see education, free from

the influence of the State, given according to the religious and moral opinions of the parents. It was the same principle that led the Dutch of the 16th century to resist Spain. And when the German oppressor, in 1940, after a time directed his attacks also against the Dutch schools, it was from the first moment quite clear to everyone, knowing Dutch education, that he would not succeed.

A Dutch Revival

I spoke of the intellectualism of Erasmus as typical of the Dutch people as a whole, typical also of Dutch education. It was a fault of this education that it was in a too high degree intellectual; the general and universal intellectualism of the 19th century found nowhere a more fertile soil than in the Netherlands. But more and more Dutch education became aware of that fault and endeavoured to correct it; more and more it grew conscious of the fact that also the other essentials of human life—the religious, the artistic, the physical—should find full attention in education and in the system working it out. And also this renaissance of Dutch education was a reflection of the whole of Dutch life. In this century the Dutch people was far from being "*une nation éteinte*"—as a foreign diplomatist in London in the former century allowed himself to say. There was a revival on every side of life, there was a fullness of energy—see the great achievements in the Dutch East Indies! There was a fullness also of inner development and spiritual feeling. Dutch education reflected it.

Also in other respects. When Dutch education for eighty years fought for freedom, we did not fight for freedom for ourselves alone. The principle of the Dutch educational laws is that the State should take interest in educa-

tion by granting subsidies. But doing this the State should not make any difference between the various denominations: whenever a sufficient number of pupils present themselves for the establishment of a particular type of school, the State has nothing to ask but has only to subsidise. That is a great principle—even a dangerous principle in some respects—but it is typical of the Dutch mind. For it shows an important characteristic of the Dutch, their tolerance. Once more I am reminded of that great humanist mentioned above, whose tolerance in the 16th century was a great, but valuable exception. In the famous dispute between Erasmus and Luther, we find the nucleus of that great spiritual struggle, which the Dutch now wage against the Germans. For a people, loving freedom for itself, tolerant of every other man, cannot but resist the intolerance of the German slave-trader. That tolerance of the Dutch people is reflected in their educational system, and most of the many revivals of the nation are re-echoed in the best representatives of Dutch education.

In still one more respect the Dutch mind expresses itself in its education. Surrounded by three great nations, the Dutch have been

influenced for many centuries already by those nations; in former times, most of all by the French, but in matters of education by the Germans; so that in various points our school system was an imitation of the German system. The writer of these lines was before long aware of the danger of this imitation; this system, as it accorded with the German mind, did not correspond with the Dutch character. Fortunately, in the last decades the Netherlands became aware of their nearness to England and the Anglo-Saxon world. English culture became more and more familiar to the Dutch. So did English education to Dutch education. In English education the Dutch recovered their own conception of human life. This has not yet penetrated to the majority of Dutch teachers, but gradually it grows stronger. What so many Dutchmen have experienced from English education, while temporarily staying in England, will be transplanted when they go back to their own country. The stronger connections between English and Dutch, developed during war will express themselves in an increasing influence of English on Dutch education to the advantage of the latter.

GERRIT BOLKESTEIN.

THE ELDER BRETHREN

BEAUMONT-THOMAS.—Col. L. BEAUMONT-THOMAS, M.C., M.P., a member of the House of Commons Group. Elected 4.5.'32.

BELLIN.—On June 25, the Rev. WYNFORD BELLIN, aged 42, Padre of Truro Branch and District Padre of West Cornwall. Elected 8.10.'32.

DUCKETT.—On June 14, as the result of enemy action, ROBERT DUCKETT, a probationer of Grimsby Branch, Secretary of the Toc H Services Club, Grimsby.

HUNT.—On July 4, FREDERICK HUNT, aged 64, a member of Wellington (Salop) Branch.

LEDWITH.—On active service in North Africa, BERNARD LEDWITH, Treasurer of

Oswestry Branch.

McPHEE.—In July, WILLIAM A. McPHEE, a member of Largs Branch. Elected 7.1.'37.

STEDMAN.—On June 25, the Rev. WALTER DOUGLAS STEDMAN, formerly a member of Hull Branch, first Padre of Horncastle Branch. Elected, Sept., 1922.

TAYLOR.—On July 11, as the result of Home Guard service, THOMAS W. W. TAYLOR, a member, formerly Secretary, of Dartford Branch. Elected 2.1.'33.

TUCKER.—On June 28, RICHARD TUCKER, aged 74, a founder member and Treasurer of Honiton Group. Elected December, '38.

YORKSHIRE'S WAR SERVICES TARGET



AT LEEDS ON JUNE 24: In the centre, Lady Louis Mountbatten, with the Lord Mayor of Leeds (on her left) and Mayors of other Yorkshire towns. Lord Bingley is the tall figure on the left in the second row; in the centre W. J. Lake (Hon. Administrator); behind him, at the back, Shaun Herron (Yorkshire Regional Padre). W. J. Hawkey (Bursar) is among those on the right. (Photo: Yorkshire Post and Leeds Mercury).

LADY Louis Mountbatten was the chief speaker at the reception given to friends of Toc H by the Lord Mayor of Leeds, Miss J. B. Kitson, in the Leeds Civic Hall, on June 24th. Before the reception the Lord Mayor entertained a few guests at lunch and welcomed Lady Louis Mountbatten and Lord Bingley and the Civic Heads of several West Riding communities. The Mayors of Todmorden, Harrogate, Morley, Huddersfield and Halifax, the Deputy Mayor of Pontefract, and Alderman F. W. Stott, of Wakefield, were present. The new Vicar of Leeds, the Rev. A. S. Reeve (who now occupies the pulpit once occupied by the father and Neville and Gilbert Talbot), the Bishop of Knaresborough and W. J. Hawkey were amongst those who made up a distinguished platform party and the Hon. Administrator, speaking on behalf of Toc H, offered our thanks to the

Lord Mayor of Leeds for her hospitality. Ex-Alderman E. J. Morrish, Chairman of the West Riding Area Executive, thanked the speakers.

Lady Louis Mountbatten spoke of her own experience of Toc H work "from China to Chile" and read a cable which had just been received announcing the opening of our two Houses at Algiers and Tunis. Lord Bingley having spent the time between lunch and the reception chatting to Lako, mentioned in his address an intimate knowledge of Toc H in South America, and spoke in terms of high praise of the work done by the seamen's club in Montevideo. Both speakers emphasised the magnificent contribution that Mark XXIII (Brotherton House) had made in the life of Leeds.

The guests at the reception represented most of the communities on the West Riding and

the many sections of these communities, and they received with great enthusiasm Lady Louis Mountbatten's announcement that the day's proceedings heralded a campaign in Yorkshire for £35,000 for the War Services Fund.

The Yorkshire Regional Padre modestly points out that this is three and a half times the size of any other target fixed for a Toc H Region or Area in the country and invites the

concentrated effort of friends and members in Yorkshire in raising the amount. In the brief preliminary efforts so far embarked upon, about £4,000 had already been raised and local targets totalling some £15,000 have already been set—and in some cases reached or exceeded. Within the next two months further local targets will be set to make up the total target for the county and it is expected that even this may be easily exceeded.

'IN PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES'

1. In New Guinea

A little while ago a welcome letter reached H.Q. which had started on its long journey in January. It comes from 'Sandy'—Padre PERCY SANDS, once well known as an Area Padre at home. His official address is Townsville, Queensland, one of the places in the 'forward area' where Toc H Australia is established among troops, but the letter actually comes from Port Moresby in Papua. Sandy writes:

A GENERATION has arisen which knows not Joseph—I'm Joseph and was once East Midlands Area Padre, later West Australia Area Padre, now chaplain to the R.A.A.F., Port Moresby.

Last September we were constituted a recognised Group of Toc H here in the battle station, and meet weekly on Tuesdays in the 'Quiet Room,' a small room in our Recreation Hut, a room which is used for all sorts of things; we have our Sunday Holy Communion there, gramophone recitals, Toc H and other activities which demand a certain withdrawing from the hum and bustle.

Our numbers, as must happen with a Service unit, fluctuate, but the membership of past and present stands at about fifteen. Some have gone to other stations, taking with them the unfilterable virus of Toc H. We have had some happy initiations here, and men have been brought into a deep and lasting friendship in consequence of Toc H; the well-known spirit of the movement has permeated the work in this Rec. Hut. We have a few, a very few, members from mainland units here on the island, but they, with me, help to guide the blokes in the ways of the Four Points.

You can understand that all our meetings do not achieve that quietude of mind and heart that peace-time units find. We finished one meeting in the light of the Toc H candle (our Rushlight is on the way) and our "cuppa," after Family Prayers, was rudely disturbed by the local ack-ack giving tongue just behind us. The only men we lost when the alarm went, half-way through the meeting, were the Bomb Disposal merchants, whose sense of morbid curiosity allied with duty took them away. A truly remarkable tribute to Toc H in that we listened to the speaker, who happened to be the C.O., talking vividly on the work of the best-known Aussie Squadron in England—the Coastal Command wallahs, of which he was an A.F.C. member. So we try to live out the light of Toc H in peculiar circumstances, and gain much thereby.

If any remember Sandy at home, please give them my regards, and one day—and that soon—I hope to look them up. I enclose sundry cards, at the request of the members, so that they may feel that in reality they are members of the larger Family of Toc H The World.

2. On the High Seas

From an unnamed troopship comes a letter from SERGT. F. JENKINS, R.A.F. (Calcutta Branch), the Chairman of a little temporary unit of seven members of Toc H which was

formed during the voyage. He encloses the following contribution for the JOURNAL and a postal order for £1, collected in a hat by members present, who "want it to be used in a Toc H fund helping seafarers."

IN these unsettled times, when members of Toc H are scattered more than ever into the four corners of the world, it is pleasant to hear of members coming together and forming groups in strange places. One of the more recent encounters was made on board a troopship where seven members, returning home from four different countries, happened to meet and, headed by the Rev. L. W. Brown, organised entertainments not only for themselves but also for the entire ship's company.

The family meetings, attended by members and friends, took the form of general discussions, brains trusts, talks on civilian jobs and a lantern lecture on mission work—without the lantern!

As usual, the members were a mixed crowd—two missionaries, an Air Force pilot, an instrument mechanic, an Army officer and an Air Force Flight-Sergeant wireless mechanic, and their peace-time reminiscences made very interesting contrasts to the jobs they were performing in time of war.

The general meetings were very well attended by all on board. The officer in charge of the evacuation from Burma gave a vivid account of the difficulties encountered

by the refugees on their way through the mountains to safety. One evening there were three speeches, all talking about "My Job." A Bandmaster of the Regular Army was well received, especially by members of the Forces who were interested to hear of the pitfalls of a soldier's life. He was followed by an Army officer returning from his work in a Prisoner-of-War camp, who gave an account of the treatment received by our prisoners under rigid Red Cross supervision. The last speaker was a medical missionary who had spent many years of her life in India: her account of native life and preventative medicine in the villages was most interesting.

The final talk on board was given by the Ship's Surgeon who had spent the greater part of his life in South Africa and whose reminiscences of the Boer War and the great leaders of the time were most revealing and provoked endless discussion on the colour question and South African politics.

Thus a voyage, which might well have been one of continuous boredom, was greatly relieved and brightened by the spirit of Toc H and friendships were made between members and friends coming from all over the British Isles.

F. JENKINS.

3. In North Africa

The name and voice of FRANK GILLARD is nowadays as well known to B.B.C. listeners all over the world as it was in the years before the war to Toc H in the West Country. He is not too busy to remember us and writes to Headquarters from North Africa:

"After many months spent in oscillating to and fro over North Africa, from Cairo to Algiers, I am (through the breakdown of an aeroplane) stranded for one whole day in Tripoli, and some headlines in to-day's *Tripoli Times* have brought home my guilt to me. Those headlines tell how thoroughly Toc H has got going here, and announce a coming series of discussions in the Tripoli House on world reconstructions. Excellent work. During the few weeks that I spent in Cairo at the beginning of the year I was able to get along to the Hostel there quite frequently to the

early morning Services, but my evenings were never free—we had a conference to attend each evening at 8.30—so I could see little of the social side. But I liked the atmosphere of the place enormously, and I heard most glowing accounts of the work being done there. Up here in the forward areas I have met many individual members, many of whom have started weekly meetings in their own units. What an excellent sign it is that Toc H men seize the initiative, even when circumstances are not exactly favourable, to get men thinking and talking about things

which really matter. You at Headquarters must have an enormous burden to carry, but it must be a great encouragement to you to know that the movement is really making its mark—not merely in providing cups of tea but in ways far more fundamental.”

From Algeria

And this letter, dated June 3, also comes from a new quarter. It is signed by JOHN ROWDEN, R.N. (H.M.S. Elissa) as Chairman, and JAMES HARGEST as Secretary of the unit:

“In accordance with instructions of the Toc H Committee here in Philippeville, North Africa, I would appreciate an opportunity of bringing to your notice that Toc H is trying to make some headway in a new sphere. Several members from England and Wales have been meeting regularly for some twelve weeks now. . . In such a short space of time the Group has sponsored three most successful concerts for troops in the local canteen. . . During the past two weeks we have had a debate on the Beveridge Report, and also the personal memoirs of a White Russian professor, now a naturalised Frenchman living in this area. This gentleman has also given considerable instruction to Toc H members and friends in colloquial French. Next week two members are giving talks on Toc H itself, for the particular benefit of prospective members. Our main difficulty is that we have a floating membership, for there are indeed few members whose duties will permit their regular attendance. Despite this we are striving to carry on the good work. . . Toc H Philippeville sends its best wishes to all at home and overseas.”

From Tunisia

Besides Toc H in Tripolitania and Algeria, there is also Tunis—to which a letter of Dvr. L. W. BARNES (Upminster Branch), written on June 6, bears witness:

While on rest after hard fighting he enjoyed the Roman ruins of Carthage and the lovely city and Parisian shops and well-dressed people of Tunis. He goes on: “The other day I met a Toc H officer, but unfortunately we neither of us had time to stop, so that at the moment all I have is his address—the name J. Mallet. Ever heard of him?” (*Our Commissioner in North Africa.—Ed.*)

“In our unit we have three members of Toc H, including myself. We managed to interest some more of the lads and now have a little Group of at least twelve. We called ourselves the North African Group, or ‘Nags’ for short, and have had some very interesting meetings. My Toc H JOURNALS have been circulated among them and we often hold discussions on the articles. . .”

U.S.A. calling Toc H

As we noted in these pages a few months ago, the Bristol Toc H Services Club has been well discovered by American soldiers. Some of the earliest of these friends are now serving in North Africa and they don’t forget the Bristol Club. Here are quotations from two recent letters to the Warden:

“Gosh, Jim, we sure miss the ‘Toc H’ and a few of us are planning on a pleasure trip over there if this ever ends. . . It seems kinda strange not having our tea at nite and not seeing all the A.T.S. girls. . .”

From another letter: “We want to take time to thank you for the swell time you showed us Yanks. We’ll remember the Toc H as a friendly place and a swell fellow we met there, who went out of his way to make strangers feel at home.”

4. Out of the Burmese Jungle

Padre ‘BOB’ SLATER, at one time reported missing in Burma, now an Army Chaplain in Ceylon, writes the Editor an airgraph, in which he says:

“There is much I want to tell you—the year I spent in Australia, for instance, before the Burma campaign began. I saw a good deal of Toc H there, and much that was encouraging. . . I could not help feeling rather thrilled by the fact that when I collapsed at the end

of the Burma trek, out in the jungle, some twenty miles from home, it was a young Calcutta Toc H’er, Captain Perkins, who, in spite of his own exhaustion, pulled me up, not once but twenty times, kept me going and got me to the camp. . .”